

The Used, I'm A Fake

[Spoken:]

Small, simple, safe price

Rise the wake and carry me with all of my regrets

This is not a small cut that scabs, and dries, and flakes, and heals

And I am not afraid to die

I'm not afraid to bleed, and fuck, and fight.

I want the pain of payment

What's left, but a section of pigmy size cuts

Much like a slew of a thousand unwanted fucks

Would you be my little cut?

Would you be my thousand fucks?

And make mark leaving space for the guilt to be liquid

To fill, and spill over, and under my thoughts

My sad, sorry, selfish cry out to the cutter

I'm cutting trying to picture your black broken heart

Love is not like anything

Especially a fucking knife

Look at me, you can tell

By the way I move and do my hair

Do you think that it's me or it's not me?

I don't even care

I'm alive

I don't smell

I'm the cleanest I have ever been.

I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry (dry)

[Chorus:]

Just look at me, look at me now

I'm a fake [x4]

Just look at me, look at me now

I'm a fake [x4]

Do I drink? Do I date?

I've got perfect placement all my ink

Satisfied, in your eyes

I'm the biggest fan I've got right now

I made sure, that I look how I wanted to look

The people around me, the people surround me

I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry (dry)

[Chorus]

My stomach hurts now, and all tied off in lace

I pray, I beg for anything, to hit me in the face

and this sicknes isn't me, I pray to fall from grace

The last thing I see is feeling

And I'm telling you I'm a fake [x4]

And I'm telling you I'm...

[Chorus]